Thou haſt cald me all theſe bitter names.
Qu.Mar. Why ſo I did, but looke for no reply:
O let me make the period to my curſe.
Glo. Tis done by me and ends by *Margret.*
Thus haue you breathed your curſe againſt your ſelfe.
Qu Ma. Poore painted Queene, vaine flouriſh of my for-
Why ſtrewſt thou ſugar one that botled ſpider, tune:
Whoſe deadly web inſnareth thee about?
Foole foole, thou whetſt a knife to kill thy ſelfe,
The time will come when thou ſhalt wiſh for me,
To helpe thee curſe that poiſoned bunch backt toade,
Haſt. Falſe boſting woman, end thy frantick curſe,
Leaſt to thy harme thou moue our patience.
Qu. M. Foule ſhame vpon you, you haue all mou'd mine.
Ri. Were you well ſeru'd you would be taught your duty.
Qu.Ma. To ſerue me well, you ſhould doe me duty,
Teach mee to bee your Queene, and you my ſubiects:
Obſerue me well and teach your ſelues that dutie.
Dorſ. Diſpute not with her ſhe is lunatique.
Qu.Ma. Peace maſter Marqueſſe, you are malapert,
Your fire-new ſtampe of honour is ſcarce currant:
O that your young nobility could iudge,
What t'were to looſe it and be miſerable?
They that ſtand high, haue many blaſts to ſhake them,
And if they fall they daſh them to peeces.
Glo. Good counſell marry, learne it, learne it Marques,
Dorſ. It toucheth you (my Lord) as much as me,
Glo. Yea, and much more, but I was borne ſo high,
Our aiery buildeth in the Cædars top,
And dallies with the winde, and ſcornes the ſunne,
Qu.Ma. And turues the Sunne to ſhade, alas, alas,
Witnes my ſunne now in the ſhade of death,
Whoſe bright ouſhining beames, thy cloudy wrath,
Hath in eternall darkeneſſe ſoulded vp:
Your aiery buildeth in our aeries neaſt.
O God that ſeeſt it, doe not ſuffer it:
As it was won with blood, loſt be it ſo.
Buck. Haue done for ſhame, if not for charity.
Qu.M. Vrge neither charity nor ſhame to me,

Vnchā

Vncharitably with me haue you d
And ſhamefully by you my hopes
My charity is outrage, life my ſham
And in my ſhame ſhall liue my ſo
Buck. Haue done.
Q. Mar. O princely *Buckingha*
In ſigne of league and amity with
Now faire befall thee and thy Prin
Thy garments are not ſpotted wit
Nor thou within the compaſſe of
Buck. Nor none heere for curſe
The lips of them that breath them
Qu. Mar. Ile not beleeue but the
And there awake Gods gentle-ſlee
O *Buckingham* beware of yonder
Looke when he faunes he bites, and
His venome tooth will rankle thee
Haue not to doe with him, beware
Sinne, death, and hell haue ſet thei
And all their miniſters attend on h
Glo. What doth ſhe ſay my Lord
Buck Nothing that I reſpect my
Qu Mar. What doſt thou ſcorn
And ſooth the diuell that I warne
O but remember this another day,
When he ſhall ſplit thy very heart
And ſay poore *Margret* was a P
Liue each of you, the ſubiect of his
And he to you, and all of you to G
Haſt. My haire doth ſtand an en
Ri. And ſo doth mine, I won
Glo. I cannot blame her by Go
She hath had too much wrong, an
My part thereof that I haue done.
Haſt. I neuer did her any to my
Glo. But you haue all the vanta
I was too hot to doe ſome body g
That is to cold in thinking one it
Marry as for *Clarence*, hee is well

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